

Bob Taylor on New York.

Governor Bob Taylor's welcoming address at Nashville on New York Day, October 12th, is good reading outside of Tennessee. Since the Exposition opened, Governor Taylor has made on an average about three welcoming addresses a week. He never repeats himself, and his resources never fail. Of eloquence, wit, humor and pathos the Governor seems to have an inexhaustible "original package." We give an extract from the New York Day address:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—New York is the Empire State of the Union. She is the heavy end of North America; she is the great throbbing heart of the Republic, and every time she throbs the life current of the nation flows back and forth through the arteries of commerce and trade. She is the mighty whale of the Western hemisphere which swallows all the Jonahs who come within her reach. She is the stupendous colossus of the world, leading its thought and straddling its politics.

The city of New York is a perpetual exposition of the triumphs of thought and industry, and one of her grandest products is men. She is the paradise of millionaires and enjoys a considerable sprinkling of poor folks.

New York is not only great in wealth, great in population, great in all the elements of modern civilization, but she is great in the knowledge of where the green pastures lie. Her relations with the South remind me of an old story which has been often told. Two darkies sat on the bank of a river fishing. One was an old darkey, the other was a boy. The boy got a nibble, his foot slipped, and he fell headlong in the surging waters. The old darkey hesitated a moment, and then plunged in after the drowning boy. There was a terrific struggle, but finally the old man succeeded in landing his half-drowned charge. A passerby, who witnessed the scene, ran up and patted Uncle Rastus on the back and said: "Old man, that was a noble deed in you to risk your life in that way to save the life of that trifling boy." "Yes, boss," said Uncle Rastus, "I was bleeged to save that nigger, he had all the bait in his pocket." New York was the old man, the South is the boy.

Nevertheless we love the old brother, and we open our hearts and our bottles to the distinguished Lieutenant-Governor and every son of that proud commonwealth.

Mr. Chairman, it is believed by many of our brethren of the North that our people here in the South are not as vigorous as we should be, that we lack the snap and push necessary for the quick and permanent growth and development of our country. But they forget that we can raise three crops of potatoes in our soil in a single season, that our cotton grows without much perspiration, that we fatten our hogs on acorns, and pasture our cattle the year round. They forget that our persimmon trees yield tons of persimmons per annum, and that our possums hang like sugar plums of glory hallelujah from the bending limbs of the aforesaid and the same. They forget that we can labor half the time and rest the other half and live better and happier than any other people on the face of the earth.

I think if we could get our New York friends to see the point and furnish the money to develop us, we could soon pay the expenses of the whole government, feed and clothe the entire United States, have money left to throw at the birds and rest all the time.

There is one branch of business in which we are as vigorous as our Northern brethren, and that is politics. Our annual crop of politicians is equal to the crop of cotton bales, not in weight, but in numbers. Now and then we are blessed with a statesman, but many are called, while few are chosen. We produce more majors and colonels in times of peace than any other country in the world, and sometimes we raise a little of that sulphurous article which begins with an h and ends with an ell.

But, Mr. Chairman, whatever the differences between the North and the South may be in climate, in wealth, in conditions and environments, we are all one people with common hopes, and a common destiny, and may God bless our people of every section. Again I implore you to feel that you are welcome to the capital of the old Volunteer State.

—A pious face is not infallible proof of a devout spirit.

—The hypocritical friend (?) is more to be shunned than a rattlesnake or a mad-dog.

—An honorable person never started a lie nor retailed one started by someone else.

—A little child of J. R. Hays, living near Colquitt, Ga., overthrew a pot of boiling water, scalding itself so severely that the skin came off its breast and limbs. The distressed parents sent to Mr. Bush, a merchant of Colquitt, for a remedy, and he promptly forwarded Chamberlain's Pain Balm. The child was suffering intensely, but was relieved by a single application of the Pain Balm. Another application or two made it sound and well. For sale by Hill Orr Drug Co.

Wonderful Touch.

This about a blind man who works for a man who is also blind and does work for which men who can see are well paid. The blind man who does the work does it as well as a man with eyes, and he never makes a mistake. He depends entirely on his sense of touch, which is extraordinarily well developed.

Away back in war times T. J. Lockwood went to the front. He was a good soldier until he lost his sight. A wife ball put out one eye and the shock and concussion so affected the other that it was destroyed. Totally blind, Mr. Lockwood came back to his old home, and for a time was discouraged. Then he decided that there were things that he could do to earn a livelihood. He set up a store and dealt in men's merchandise at Eude, Ill. Fate was kind to him at last and he prospered. Time went on, and his employees were faithful to the man who had lost his most precious sense while fighting for a most righteous cause.

The man who was the buyer for Mr. Lockwood was and is J. Oechsley. He worked for Mr. Lockwood for many years and was one of the most important of his employees. But one day misfortune came to him. Oddly enough, it struck at his eyes. He was laid low with a nervous affliction, and when he was able to be told of it the doctors announced to him that he was to go through life in the same condition as his employer. His sight was gone and never would be restored.

Finally Mr. Oechsley was able to leave his room. He was not rich, and the illness had made a deep hole in his store of savings. The old problem of keeping the wolf from the door was to be met once more, but this time under a terrible handicap. In the hour of his most trying experience, his old employer came to him and the men went to the old store. Mr. Oechsley knew the place by heart. He was at home there, even he could not see, and as the days went on he realized that all was not gone, even if his sight was lost. He found that he could tell as of old the difference that lie in the materials.

His hands seem to have been given an extra share of cunning, and in a measure became his sight. He practiced and grew more expert. His whole energy was thrown into the work he had put himself to do, and in a short time it was found that as a buyer of goods he was almost as good as before the calamity overtook him.

Mr. Oechsley was in the city yesterday. The merchants and jobbers with whom he deals know him. They would not take advantage of him even if they could. And they all admit that they could not if they would. The hands of this man are as good and even better in their way than the eyes of most men. He tells all about a piece of goods, no matter what it is, by feeling the texture and finish. He is considered to be a first-class buyer, and when merchants say this of him they add that they do not take into consideration the fact that he is blind in passing their judgment of his ability.

The other blind man—the employer—is thoroughly satisfied with the work done by the one who sees with his hands. The store is prospering, and the men who play the biggest part in it are happy.—Chicago Times-Herald.

WARNING—Persons who suffer from coughs and colds should heed the warnings of danger and save themselves suffering and fatigue by using One Minute Cough Cure. It is an infallible remedy for coughs, colds, croup and all throat and lung troubles. Evans Pharmacy.

—'Tis kindness that oft wins a friend, 'tis love to which we condescend, 'tis skill we labor with to please, 'tis cash that helps us to our ease.

J. M. Thirswend, of Groesbeck, Tex., says that when he has a spell of indigestion, and feels bad and sluggish, he takes two of DeWitt's Little Early Risers at night, and he is all right the next morning. Many thousands of others do the same thing. Do you? Evans Pharmacy.

—The equality of the sexes will be firmly established whenever the newspapers print a description of the bridegroom's trousseau.

—Germans and Belgians are the greatest potato consumers. They eat per head 100 pounds a year.

J. C. Berry, one of the best known citizens of Spencer, Mo., testifies that he cured himself of the worst kind of piles by using a few boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. He had been troubled with piles for over thirty years and had used many different kinds of so-called cures, but DeWitt's was the one that did the work and he will verify this statement if any one wishes to write him. Evans Pharmacy.

—Mrs. Cumso—"Your husband dresses very quietly." Mrs. Cawker—"Does he? You ought to hear him when he can't find his collar, or his cuff-buttons become mislaid."

You can't afford to risk your life by allowing a cold to develop into pneumonia or consumption. Instant relief and a certain cure are afforded by One Minute Cough Cure. Evans Pharmacy.

There is no need of little children being tortured by scald head, eczema and skin eruptions. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve gives instant relief and cures permanently. Evans Pharmacy.

—New Woman—"Simply because a woman marries a man is no reason why she should take his name." (Old Bachelor—"That's so. The poor fellow ought to be allowed to keep something he could call his own.")

Duration of Human Life.

In the average statistics of human life it has been found that women live longer than men; the reason for that appears to be simple.

Up to the age of twenty to twenty-five the man is undoubtedly younger and less developed than the woman; but in the next twenty or thirty years of his life the man ages much more rapidly, because, apart from the strain and hardship of a profession, the exposure to unhealthy climates, disappointments of fortune, he often leads a life of dissipation and excess, which early puts its stamp on his forehead and turns his hair gray before its time. The woman, on the other hand, who has often more than her share of anxieties, has, apart from the many accidents of life, but one serious and inevitable danger, that of the perpetuation of her race, which, safely passed, renovates rather than ages, and increases a woman's chances of longevity.

From the few facts which I have ventured to put together we may deduce, I think, the following conclusions, which, I trust, may be found of some interest by those who desire to have a general view of the expectation of life, its real duration, and the possible causes of its length and brevity.

First—That, according to the best authorities of the last century, the extreme limit of life might be 125 years under extraordinary, and almost abnormal circumstances.

Second—That the anticipation of life is roughly five times the time that the organs of the body—not counting the brain, which develops later—require to attain their full and absolute maturity. This, of course, varies not only in races, but in individuals, developing early and some much later, even in the same climate and in the same family.

Third—That rarely, if ever, is that full amount of duration achieved, owing to disease, food, heredity, bad habits, wear and tear, and many other causes which shorten life.

Fourth—The slower the development the longer may be the duration of life.

Fifth—That all human beings are not born with the capacity for long life even under the most favorable circumstances. As the organism of the human being is more complex than that of the lower animals, so his anticipation of life is far more variable.

Sixth—That those circumstances which conduce to longevity are undoubtedly late development, frugal habits, moderation, exemption from vicissitudes of climate, and extreme heat or cold, from mental worry and agitation, temperance in eating and drinking, with a fair amount of brain work when the brain is ready to undertake it.

We have all heard the well-worn axiom attributed to the Psalmist that the "days of man are threescore and ten;" but in Genesis vi., 3, will be found the passage: "Yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years." This passage seems to have been overlooked, as I have rarely seen it quoted, although, curiously enough, it exactly corresponds to the theory that man should attain five times the period of reaching his maturity.—Nineteenth Century.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Liquor affects a man's brain, if he has any; if not, it affects his legs. The women with tiny feet can't understand why long skirts are fashionable.

The man at the little end of the horn always manages to make himself heard.

The want columns of the daily papers prove that man wants a great deal here below.

When you investigate a grewsome tale you will usually find that it grew some since it started.

After a man succeeds in printing one kiss upon a girl's lips it's an easy matter to run off a large edition.—Chicago News.

The pickpocket is the man who knows how to get his hand in.

The statistics show that run sent nine-tenths of the convicts to the Ohio penitentiary.

To hear a prosy lecturer dilate incites the wishing that he may die early.

The more a person has of inherited or natural dishonesty the easier does he believe evil reports.

Small pill, safe pill, best pill. DeWitt's Little Early Risers cure biliousness, constipation, sick headache. Evans Pharmacy.

Experts estimate that the shortage in the foreign potato crop is 1,000,000,000 bushels, and in the rye crop 325,000,000 bushels.

You can't cure consumption but you can avoid it and cure every other form of throat or lung trouble by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. Evans Pharmacy.

Doctor—"You're a long time paying my account, sir." Hardup—"Well, you were a long time curing me."

Disfigurement for life by burns or scalds may be avoided by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the great remedy for piles and for all kinds of sores and skin troubles. Evans Pharmacy.

Brave Boys.

Once at school two boys were called up after recess to give an account of themselves for fighting on the playground. One of them said the other got mad at him for accidentally hitting him with the bat, and that he called him a coward, and for that reason he was obliged to fight him. The teacher punished both of the boys. The little talk he gave at that time made such an impression on the minds of some that they have never forgotten it. The remembrance of what he said has enabled them, in many instances, to control their temper.

The teacher said: "Boys, the man or boy who can hear another call him a coward without getting mad or fighting is much braver than the one who resents it. It requires more courage to control oneself than to strike another. Suppose when you start home this afternoon you were to meet a mad dog in the road. Would it be braver or wiser to stand in the road and snap at the dog, or to get out of his way?"

If a mad boy strikes you, you get mad and strike him, unless you get out of his way, which is by far the better plan. Of course the laws of God and of man allow people to protect their own lives, but there is no more foolish sight in the world than two boys with their sleeves rolled up, each daring the other to hit the first lick, unless it be the boy who is always looking for some one to call him a coward, so he can have a fight. How would a boy look with a card pinned to his coat, and on the card this writing: 'I am a brave boy; if you call me a coward, I will fight you.' Boys, if you would be men, genuine, brave and courageous, learn to control yourselves."

—Sunday School Visitor.

Veterans by Inheritance.

The ordinary of a Georgia town invited all the war veterans to meet at his office on a certain day. When the day arrived he was surprised at the number of young men who put in an appearance.

"Gentlemen," said he, "there must be some mistake. I wanted to meet war veterans, and I am here confronted with a majority of the young men of the county."

"Ordinary," spoke up one tall, sockless fellow, "it's true we never done no fightin', but our families did, an' of we don't inherit the dyed war I'd like to know who does."—Palmetto Post.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—Truthfulness is the diamond of character.

—The matrimonial race generally ends in a tie.

—A twenty-dollar coat often covers a 5 cent soul.

—Hypocrisy is a clock that is ragged in the back.

—Only whisper scandal and its echo is heard by all.

—Drunkards are made because boys don't refuse to drink.

—The cream of experience is skimmed from spilled milk.

—Never strike a man when he's down—especially for a man.

—The common frog's natural life-time is twelve to fifteen years.

—When money talks we never pause to criticize its grammar.

—A mouse can make dress goods go quicker than a high tariff can.

—If common sense was taxable, a great many people would be exempt.

—A lawyer doesn't know everything, but he thinks you think he does.

—The moderate drinker could abstain, but he won't, the drunkard can't.

—All things were made for the good and some day they will have them.

—What if you have lost your ring? Be thankful that you still have your finger.

—He is more than half miserable who is doing nothing to make others happy.

—When a man parts company with self-respect he loses the best friend that he ever had.

—A New York man made over all his property to his wife. She eloped, and he is now in the poor house.

—"Give me a bite of your candy, please, Flossie?" "No, but you may kiss me while my mouf is sticky."

—"So you proposed to her," said Willie Wishington's friend. "Yes." "Did she give you any encouragement?" "Some. She didn't laugh."

—Samuel McCaughey, of Coonong, Australia, will shear 1,250,000 sheep this season. He lost 250,000 head by the drought of two years ago, but as his yearly average is from 300,000 to 400,000, such a matter is but a trifle to the sheep king. He has 600,000 sheep on a fenced farm of 1,500,000 acres on the Darling river; 4,000 in Queensland, 15,000 choice blooded animals on a small 45,000 acre farm at Coonong, and a few hundred thousand scattered around elsewhere. His stock has been greatly improved by the introduction of Vermont rams, which he has been importing for 14 years, and as a result he estimates his increased wool returns at one pound per sheep, or \$500,000 per annum.

GLADSTONE IN DEBATE.

Some of the Peculiarities of England's Grand Old Man.

Harry Furniss, the artist of London Punch, whose caricatures of Gladstone are so well known in America, has written and illustrated a paper for The Century on "Glimpses of Gladstone." Mr. Furniss says:

I noticed that he always appeared to be very anxious and restless before rising to make a speech. His first movement upon such an occasion was to arrange his carefully prepared notes upon the box in front of him; then, taking from his pocket the historical pomatum pot, which contained, I believe, a mixture of egg flip and honey, a recipe of Sir William Clarke's, he would place it out of view on the edge of the table by the side of the box. Then he would sit, placing both hands upon his knees, with his face firmly set and with his hawklike eyes fixed upon the speaker, waiting for the signal to spring to his feet.

Once up, he seemed composed enough, playing with the notes in front of him and arranging and rearranging them; then, leaning forward and laying his hand upon the box, he would begin slowly, latterly with a husky voice. When the graceful introduction with which he prefaced his remarks was over, there would come an ominous tug at his wristbands, followed by an easing of his collar with one finger, a step back, a flash from those passionate eyes, and then—but let others describe his speeches.

As an artist, accustomed perhaps to use my eyes more than my ears, I content myself here with laying down certain personal traits, such, for instance, as that when the great orator paused to consider a difficult point he was wont to scratch the top of his head with the wrist of his left hand. When determined to drive an argument home to his listeners, he used to emphasize it by bringing down his ringed hand upon the box with a tremendous bang, of which energetic action evidence remains in the shape of many telltale dents in the boxes. I have examined these evidences, and it was interesting to find that the energy of the orator was much greater when he was out of office than when he was in power, the box upon the opposition side being much more severely marked than its fellow in front of the government bench, notwithstanding the terrific thumping to which that receptacle was subjected during the memorable oration of Thursday, April 8, 1886.

Another habit peculiar to Mr. Gladstone during debate was that of turning around and addressing members behind him. Upon one occasion, in 1889, he turned to his younger supporters and gave them this notable advice: "I stand here as a member of the house, where there are many who have taken their seats for the first time upon these benches and where there may be some to whom possibly I may avail myself of the privilege of old age to offer a recommendation. I would tell them of my own intention to keep my counsel and reserve my own freedom until I see the occasion when there may be a prospect of public benefit in endeavoring to make a movement forward, and I will venture to recommend them to do the same," holding up his hands like an old parliamentary prophet.

Upon great occasions in the house Mr. Gladstone's dress was very noticeable. He was then spruce in a black frock coat, light trousers and wearing a flower in his buttonhole. This generally indicated that a great speech was imminent. Whenever there was any excuse for wearing them, Mr. Gladstone had a partiality for gray clothes, which were not too fashionably cut, and once I remember that he caused some sensation by appearing in the house wearing a wedding favor. Something had evidently tickled his sense of humor upon the occasion, for he was "smiling all over" as he came in, and when he sat down by Sir William Harcourt, to whom he related the joke, his merriment seemed to increase. Afterward he repeated it to Mr. Chamberlain, and again to the speaker, finally quitting the house to tell it anew outside.

A Friend.

What is a friend? One who supports you and comforts you, while others do not. Friendship is the cordial drop "to make the nauseous draft of life go down."—Boswell.

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We offer this unequalled newspaper and the ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER together one year for \$2.20.



MRS. MOLLY KEYS, proprietor of the noted and popular Keys House, which has such a wide reputation with the traveling men, as well as her many boarders, who are always anxious for meal-time to come to satisfy the necessities of the inner man, is now better prepared than ever to serve them with the best of everything, as she has just purchased one of the best and handsomest PENINSULAR STEEL RANGES that has ever been sold in the South. It has twelve holes on top.

Mr. Jim Riley, proprietor of the Riley House, has purchased one of the same kind. Below I give you names of some of the many sold. Every one guaranteed. No pay required if they do not work satisfactorily:

Robert M. Russell, Dr. Lander, Walter T. Jones, A. T. Newell, W. P. Berkmeyer, J. E. Kelley, J. J. Spearman, Mrs. T. N. Spearman, W. B. King, Reuben Watkins, W. B. Taylor, Dor Thomas, J. W. Shaw, Mrs. W. A. McFall, Mrs. Era S. Murray, Tom Cox, Christy Hanks, J. W. Hammett, Jno. B. Leverett, R. H. Gaines, G. E. Smith, Jao. T. Long, J. M. Hughes, Dr. Ches. Davant, C. M. Findly, S. W. Williford, Albert S. Bowie, Mrs. Sarah Pallen, W. J. McCluer, E. C. Prevost, E. M. Stone, Mrs. E. T. Cashin and many others.

I continue to handle the best and cheapest cast Stoves, such as the Iron King, Elmo, Ruth and Liberty at prices as low as cotton. Give me a call.

Respectfully,

JOHN T. BURRIS.

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THE Valuable Plantation known as "The Prevost Place," situated four miles west of Anderson, containing 877 acres, has been surveyed and subdivided into small tracts, and we now offer it for sale on easy terms to approved purchasers. Purchaser to pay for papers.

TRACT NO. 1—Sold.
TRACT NO. 2—Sold.
TRACT NO. 3—Known as the Mill Tract, contains 102 acres.
TRACT NO. 4—Adjoins Tract No. 1 and lands of Est. of Rev. Thos. F. Gadsden E. W. Taylor and others, and contains 154 acres.
TRACT NO. 5—Sold.
TRACT NO. 6—Sold.
TRACT NO. 7—Sold.
TRACT NO. 8—Sold.

Having disposed of all but two Tracts of the above we will offer them to the highest bidder SALES DAY IN DECEMBER, if not sold privately before that time.

Terms—One-third cash, balance in one and two years, secured by note and mortgage of premises.

SLOAN & VANDIVER.

LET'S HAVE SOME FUN!

We propose to give away absolutely for nothing, the following Presents on 15th January, 1898:

Present No. 1, one barrel Standard Granulated Sugar.
Present No. 2, one barrel best Patent Flour.
Present No. 3, ten pounds fine Rio Coffee.
Present No. 4, ten pound box good Chewing Tobacco.
Present No. 5, one pair Men's Fine Shoes.
Present No. 6, one pair Ladies' Fine Shoes.
Present No. 7, one Fine Decorated Bowl and Pitcher.
Present No. 8, one Set Fine Decorated Plates.
Present No. 9, one Fine Decorated (covered) Dish.
Present No. 10, one Set of Fine Cups and Saucers.

The person who guesses, or comes nearest to the number of Bales of Cotton received and weighed by the Sworn Weighers in Anderson from Sept. 1st, 1897, to Jan. 14th, 1898 (inclusive), will receive Present No. 1, and the next nearest guess, Present No. 2, and so on through the list. Every one who trades with us will be entitled to a guess for each dollar's worth of cash goods purchased from us between now and 31st Dec. next; guesses to be made and dated on day purchase is made; in case of a tie, the guess bearing earliest date to count first. Guesses to be deposited in a locked tin box; when J. R. Vandiver, Cashier F. & M. Bank will hold key until 15th Jan., Mr. H. and Mr. W. T. W. Harrison (cotton weigher), will award the presents to the best guessers.

We will not add one cent to the price of our Goods, but will sell you Goods as cheap as you can buy elsewhere, and somebody will get the presents that we will give away for absolutely nothing. If you get one, it will be a clear gain to you. If we don't sell you Goods cheap, don't buy them. This is the most liberal offer ever made by a merchant in Anderson, as we propose to give you value received for every dollar spent with us. Guess early and often!

D. P. SLOAN.

Anderson, S. C., Sept. 29, 1897.

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OSBORNE & CLINKSCALES,
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They are making quite a reputation now by selling—
Croceryware, Glassware, Woodenware, &c.,
AT SUCH LOW PRICES.

Remember, they have the only TINNER in town with eighteen years experience, and who can make anything in his line. Just let him do one job of ROOFING and GUTTERING for you and you will have no other.

P. S.—All Notes and Accounts due Archer & Osborne are now payable to OSBORNE & CLINKSCALES.

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\$9.00 WILL BUY AS
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At Prices that will make you Buy.

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Promptness in everything. ENGRAVING FREE.

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